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DEATH OF THE ROSE.

Upon the heath there stood a rose,
The last of Summer's train,
She droops her queenly, purple head,
Sighs: "Purple, crown is vain!"

Upon her with'ring majesty
The parting sun-beams blaze;
With glory flushed, she blushing dies
In Zephyr's soft embrace.

Upon this earth of tears and woe
There glowed a rose sublime;
A rose, so rarely beautiful,
And raised in heaven's clime.

It is the Queen of heav'n and earth,
Who drooped her head to die:
Her Son's resplendent glory shed
Upon her from the sky.

She died—And, oh! what happy death,
To die 'mid angel-choirs;
To die in Jesus' soft embrace,
Led by the Godhead's fires!

O may Our Saviour's holy smile
Upon us, dying, shine;
O may we, when the strife is done
On Mary's breast recline!

O Mary, virgin, ever blest,
Thou men's beloved Queen:
O take us in thy Patronage,
Thy glory shall be seen!

X. YAEGER, '03

THE TRAGEDY AND MACBETH.

All civilized nations have ever considered dramatic poetry as a useful and amusing entertainment, and made it a subject of serious and elaborate discussion. According as it is employed on the light and gay, or on the grave and affecting incidents of life, it divides itself into the two forms of comedy and tragedy. But as the life and struggle of a hero is of more concern and deeper interest to us than a ludicrous marriage of a private person, tragedy has always been considered as the more useful and dignified entertainment. Its ordinary sphere comprises the virtues, vices, and sufferings of mankind. The rules and principles that govern it are best understood when studied in connection with the world-renowned Shakespearean tragedy--Macbeth, which is in the language of Drake, "the greatest effort of the author's genius, the most sublime and impressive drama the world has ever beheld."

To the proper conduct of a drama or tragedy are considered essential the three unities of action, place, and time. Of these three, the first, unity of action, is by far the most important. The central point of all happenings must be apparent; everything that is executed must converge to it like the rays of the sun to the focus of a burning-glass. Though at the outset many actions may be developed and conducted, they must in the end all combine to one whole. Unity of action is vio-

lated, whenever two heroes change about with their aims, like Caesar and Brutus, Brutus and Collatinus; and whenever the tragedy is an epic action of the masses, in which the action of the individual is lost. Exemplary is the unity of action in 'Macbeth'. The subject of the tragedy is the death of Macbeth. At the very outset he manifests his unquenchable desire to become king of Scotland. On this account he murders Duncan, and expels his two sons. When elevated to the throne, he kills all persons whose excellent qualifications for future government arouse the least suspicion. Hence Banquo and the family of Macduff are murdered. In the end, however, the crown is torn from his head by Malcolm, who then assumes the purple.

The dramatic bard must likewise pay attention to the unity of time—by which is meant the taking place of the action in a very short space of time. It is not allowed to introduce actors, who, in the first part having impersonated boys, should appear in the fifth as men of maturity. Still it is sufficient to represent an action closely knit together. In its development weeks and months may intervene between the separate acts. Nevertheless the shorter the time between the acts, the greater the mental satisfaction. The unity of time in 'Macbeth' is nearly perfect. But few years intervene between Macbeth's elevation to the throne and his death. The several young persons introduced appear but once, while all the rest are mostly adults. Although months and even years elapse between the several acts, yet the progression of incidents is so rapid

and the separate actions so closely interwoven, that the reader experiences no mental dissatisfaction.

Unity of place allows no shifting of the scene. The ancient dramatists had to observe this rule far more strictly than those of modern times. Shakespeare in his drama of 'Macbeth' takes the license to lay the scenes of the first four acts almost exclusively in Scotland, while the remaining transactions take place in England.

To a drama a certain simplicity is common; there is more of evolution than involution in the succession of events. The actions, are multiform; they spread themselves like the branches of a tree. Still the more implex, the greater the obligation of the dramatist to facilitate by a lucid arrangement a view of the whole. An action may be a labyrinth, but the poet must give us the safety thread of Ariad that conducts us again from the intertwining galleries to the light of day. 'Macbeth', like any good tragedy, has but little intricacy of plot. The gravity of represented conflicts, however, captivates the reader and spectator. If there is any predicament, it is present only in the player, not in the reader.

It is highly inartistical to end an intrigue and especially a conflict of the soul by extraordinary phenomena in nature or by a blind chance. The poet is blocked up; the hero can neither advance nor retreat. Then *Jupiter tonans* must descend from Olympus and crack the skull of the poor mortal with whom the poet is at a loss what to do. In a drama we should never be compelled to ask,

whether the object introduced is probable. It may indeed be extraordinary, like the ghost of Banquo, the ghastly apparitions called forth by the weird incantations of the witches in 'Macbeth', but not improbable.

Events brought about through the agency of characters, form the soul of dramatic poetry. The chief requisite as regards the characters of the poet is, that he represents attractive personages. Even bad men must not be represented so repulsively, as to make us wish them soon to disappear. With given historical persons the poet comes often into a sore predicament. This difficulty is always surmounted by Shakespeare. Macbeth commands our respect and admiration on account of his extraordinary physical and mental energy despite his unsurpassing wickedness. All the other characters of 'Macbeth' are such that we can think and feel with them—extraordinary indeed, not through a peculiar organization, but through their own energy, power, and dogged determination.

A truly natural representation of characters is the index of a genuine dramatist; for man is the prime subject of all poetry. The poet ought to acquaint us with the persons he represents; they must become our friends, whose faults and advantages we know, and whose innermost recesses of hearts lie open to our inspection. Even the most mysterious characters ought to act before us, as if they were clocks whose dial is of the purest crystal, that enables us to behold the delicate machinery by which they are operated. Accordingly the representation must be natural, and this it

can only be if the dramatist has a penetrating insight into the far-reaching and countless circles of the human heart. Masterly is the characteristic of 'Macbeth'. The persons are nearly all taken from high and refined society, and think and feel in conformity to this sphere. Every individual is so delicately marked in his idiosyncrasies, that his picture looms up in our fancy with forcible reality. They all think and feel conformably to their nationality, sex, age, profession, and education; they appear to view with their whole being, not only with their chief quality, but with all intermediate gradations.

Though the portraying of characters in 'Macbeth' is truly exemplary, a still greater art is shown in their masterly grouping and reciprocal operations. Such a grouping is in fact the climax of tragic poetry; for a man's true value can only be fully estimated when seen in his relations to other men. Shakespeare makes each principal person a mirror for the rest; thus Macbeth's character becomes more contemptible when contrasted with the loyalty of Banquo; and also Macbeth and Lady Macbeth illustrate and throw a light upon each other. Macbeth is hesitating and a coward at first; but, 'being in', he goes through every sort of crime that seems to him to be necessary to sustain his ill-gotten power. Lady Macbeth is ambitious and full of vanity—a woman of slight physical frame, but of iron will. She has determined to have the crown, and hence accepts the necessary means. But her whole internal existence goes to ruin; day and night she is harrowed

by the guilt of her conscience. In vain does she attempt to wash the hands which 'the multitudinous seas' cannot cleanse. Steeped in the abysses of crime and vice, she finally dies a victim of a broken heart. She has given her whole life for what she can neither hold nor enjoy. Macbeth has long envied those whom he hurled to the vaults of death; but he dies like a soldier on the field of battle. His fight is that of a desperate beast. Both of the chief personages have a conscience; and this conscience kills Lady Macbeth, while it plunges the lustful tyrant deeper into the abysses of crime.

In a tragedy the hero perishes; in a comedy everything ends with full satisfaction. The end must be so well grounded by the poet, that the reader must say: "Thus and not otherwise could it have happened". In this way alone is poetical justice given. Our aesthetic sense, however, must recognize that the action could no longer be continued. In a tragedy the hero either dies for the object to which he devoted all his powers, or he perishes in consequence of the violation of a moral law. If the hero struggled for the benefit of mankind, and employed unjust means for attaining his lofty aims, his end should in no way disappoint us. The poet must allow us a glance into the future, which shows that the moral principles of society and the ideals of humanity are eternal. If the hero perishes for transgressing the moral order, the latter appears as victor. We are terrified at the funeral of the hero, who had the presumptuous audacity to undermine, by idolizing his all-important self, the

principles of social life. Macbeth died for the object—the kingdom of Scotland—for which he sacrificed all his endeavors and perpetrated all his crimes. But as he obtained his end unjustly, and likewise abused his ill-gotten power, our strict sense of justice demands his destruction and death.

Unless a man can represent in action all those movements of the soul through which a man passes from the earliest impression of the senses, as likewise those interior struggles caused by himself and others, he should not, 'invita Minerva', attempt the sublime subject of tragedy; for a good tragedy requires, moreover, that it be moral in its embodiment. The key-note of the character of 'Macbeth' is, that vice for a time may obtain the mastery, but virtue will triumph in the end. Though innocent persons suffer, their sufferings are attended with such circumstances as makes virtue appear amiable and venerable, and renders their condition, on the whole, preferable to that of bad men, who have prevailed against them. The stings and remorses of guilt are ever represented as productive of greater miseries than any that the bad can bring upon the good.

S. J. KREMER, '02.

PARADISE LOST.

WHEN we survey the field of letters and marvel at the prolific harvest of genius, we should not fail to discern, in manifold particulars, the fermentation of mind and the eager appetite for knowledge, which peculiarizes the present age as pre-eminent in literary distinction, as accomplished both in fine and useful arts, and above all, as a paragon in science and philosophy. Yet with mingled feelings of sympathy and anxiety we recognize the sole ornament and fairest blossom of all literature wither away in the wild turmoil of revolutionary thoughts and the various noises of changing opinions. We perceive its supernal power fading from among us, and as a knight who has won the day, sheath its colorless blade to retire in glory from the lists, nevermore to beguile the thoughts of men with those feats of gallantry, that in ancient times flavored and honored the banquets, satiated the mental cravings, polished and vitalized the games of Hellas and memorable Latium. To the shrewd mind and to others, whose sight is not suffused by ignorance, our meaning will be plain, when we name poetry the object of our solicitude; poetry in good health, in its true meaning; and we express our fear that it will constitute the one great loss and detriment which letters in our age, and more so in the future, will have to sustain. We may presage truth in our statement from the progress of philosophy.

Philosophy will ever accompany civilization, and become its most influential factor. It will cram and generalize its terms to formulate the language to its own advantage. A philosophical tongue is as little adapted to poetry, as green-house culture is suitable to the firs and pines of the North or so remote from it as the furnished palate of the artist is distant from a beautiful painting. Poetry will not be acclimatized to an atmosphere of philosophy; the air is too harsh and too dry for its delicate constitution. It withdraws from the riotous hall of debate and doctorship and resides with the peasant. We comprehend poetry in general, but our statement in particular applies to the Epic species. At what time within the compass of a living memory has genius adorned our day with a single wisp of that pleasing art, which has been transmitted to us in the form of those two literary marvels of old that, even in the light of our own century, reflect the brightest beam upon the field of letters? What poet of the modern type has sketched the sentiments of the human heart so truthfully on the same page with the never varying features of nature like renowned Maro or blind Maronides? The genius of Virgil and Homer has found distant offspring in the persons of Tasso and Milton. The unanimous vote of critics declares superiority in Tasso and rates him second to Virgil; but next in order, Milton reigns supreme on the epic sphere, and to repress him farther would paradise and injure a well-merited fame. For him remains the immortal honor to be the peerless epic bard of

our English tongue and to have enriched the world of sensible and appreciative readers with his matchless "Paradise Lost". The subject is laid far above the palpable material, and many, who customarily weigh their thoughts by applying them to merely human concerns, have failed to discover the order of poetry in which it can properly be classed. Yet whatever objections critics may prefer, we do plainly discern in it the two greatest characteristics of the epic form, majesty and sublimity. Its pages roll open before our eyes, richly enameled with all possible force of expression, and re-echo with symphonian strains, that ring in our ears like the sound of many waters, such as in the prime of creation might have annoyed the listener, when the waters yielded their dominion to the rising land and drove their clamorous currents to the receding sea. It is as sublime as the ocean in the acme of magnificence and grandeur, yet not such as when it reflects the heavens as another firmament, but caught up in awful storm with waves rolling to the skies, the sport and prey of racking fury.

We scarcely find reason for hesitation to assign the highest rank in epic composition to this brilliant poem, either considering the mighty genius that produced it, or the vast degree of merit to which it has attained. The Augustan Age possesses in it the brightest jewel of fame and honor, the best production of a nicely cultivated, elegantly refined, and exquisite literary taste, and may pride itself in this miracle of letters, which has paved out a new road in poetry, and opened a wide

field of thought and wonder for the critic's pen and public admiration. But in giving their decisions on the work, with few exceptions, critics have grossly failed both in argument and opinion, similarly as they misconstrued what is deception and reality. Preeminent among the critics who deprecated "Paradise Lost", but Milton more, is Doctor Johnson, who in his embittered feelings has made him the butt of much clumsy ridicule. Can it surprise us that minds thus prejudiced should endeavor to foil any purpose, a noble work might achieve? More especially so, when it tends to revive lost honor on the part of a hated martyr of liberty, for such Milton was with no less right than our own forefathers, and if we grant the honor to one, why be so biased as to rob it from another. Just and impartial treatment should be warranted at the hands of every critic, in compliance with the maxim: "*Tros Tyros que a me sine ulla discrimine agetur*".

In the mouth of Johnson this line had proved an ugly lie, and his work on Milton regarded as a whole, can scarcely be rated at anything less. To be plain in our dealings with the old Doctor, we can only say that by a great deal of awkward wit he has contrived to disparage a great man's name. Milton owns this prestige over all epic writers, that he had construed the most simple, yet a very correct plan for his amazing production. In the daring genius of his mind the flames of intellectual light blazed with such ardor and brightness as enabled him to discern with accurate distinction the nature and variety, the abundance and beauty,

the utility and sufficiency of material to rear a structure so stupendous, regular and magnificent, in a few prefatory lines of the Bible. From thence it emanates adorned with all the majesty and miracles of mountain scenery. But these beauties have failed to charm the eyes of the great body of the reading public as may have been largely influenced by the unsupported assertions of those, who, though unqualified, have assumed the right to criticize. Many may have been diverted from pursuing the work to the end by the task their imaginative minds have found to comprehend it. The meager, sickly, artificial poetry written up in dead language, cold to the sense, tuneless to the ear, and cheerless to the heart, by its abounding exuberance has quenched the glowing spirits and instilled into them an abnormal feebleness, which else had thrived on the savory intellectual repasts, and relished them inexpressibly. Still greater deafness and insensibility to the inspirations and beauties of nature are probable. They will increase accordingly as the charming simplicity of life becomes remote. To become an active performer in the curriculum of fresh and healthy poetry at the present may almost be impossible. Few will be found able or willing to remodel all that years of labor have accumulated. Yet it is necessary. The whole web of education must be unwheaved and every fiber purged of confusion and redundancies. The aim of the present generation must be his beginning, and their beginning must be his aim. When at last he has found egress from the uncongenial refinements of

civilization and breathes the wholesome air of the free emperian, nature's song will poise on his lips and flow from thence in unruffled melody.

The common fault of the modern poet will not constitute his censure. He paints nature in most brilliant, though true colors, whereas the rhymester effects a verse, ornaments profusely, encases with luster, and sheathes a semblance of worth under the panoply of false emblazonry. Horace best describes him in a few words:

"Purpuens, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus."

Knowing our statement to be true, we have at hand no record of any poet who has triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. Though environed by unfavorable circumstances, he has attained to the distinction of a profound scholar, an elegant classic, a lofty poet, and a learned man

"Paradise Lost" vouches for this with ample testimony. It is replete with the lore of many languages. It bears evidence to an extensive education, and reflects a marvelous intuition peculiar to that gigantic mind which had the courage to sing its imperial melody. If the beauty of this incomparable poem had not been tarnished by a grave mistake of the author, probably more favor had been gained with the public. To establish more unity and entirety in the work, "Paradise Regained" should have been wrought within "Paradise Lost," so that many of its dark and obscure passages would have been more illumined and the mind of the poet set in a clearer light. It certainly would have been more effectual in re-

moving many objections, and the improvement claims our decided preference. That a man of such intellectual strength should have failed to perceive his mistake until admonished by a friend, is truly wonderful.

All nature of argument and decoration have been employed with consummate skill to elevate and embellish the undertaking. Most signal among these are the powerful episodes and inimitable similes dispersed throughout the pages of every book. Scarcely any display of literary talent or imagination will transcend the royal majesty of these fanciful flourishes designed to enthrall our notice and foment our passion. They are no extraneous beauties engrafted on a lifeless stalk; but they are elegance and rule expressed in professed embellishments. Milton has utilized them with superior effect and avoided the hectic polish of which most epics of our modern tongues suffer. Nowhere in "Paradise Lost" do we find them carved like the somewhat ungraceful reliefs of Dante, neither are they wrongly introduced like in the "Jerusalem Delivered", or employed as a seam or woof between ideas, nor like a switch into new fields of thought. But they loom from the pages of the poem as light peering through a clouded sky, they sparkle like dew-drops in the sun beam, and decorate like gems on a robe, they please like pearls in a torquise, and ornament like the diamond in a crown.

We could consider it fortunate, both for ourselves and the subject, if there remained nothing more to say. Yet at times Milton deviated de-

plorably from his purpose. He has vaporized away a rare portion of his poetical genius in contemptuous fustian against the Church of God. For these incisive railleries he deserves liberal blame. No man of truthfulness and sound appropriation of justice could lawfully refrain from condemning such loathsome passages. They reveal the dark side of his otherwise noble character. He cannot refrain from discharging the long-stored venom of irreligion whenever her serene sanctity confronts his conscience. However, in like manner as she overpowered enemies more formidable than Milton, the saintly rays that issue from her heavenly brow, have quelled and frustrated those vagabond shafts of malice and falsehood, hurled from a source altogether insignificant. Nevertheless for these unpopular instances he has justly suffered much from the pen of critics and will continue to suffer. The fame of both Milton and his poem would have been much enhanced if these had been omitted. An infringement on that delicacy and delight which every appreciative reader looks for in poetry, has likewise been committed by introducing the passage on sin and death. Their omission obviously would destroy completeness, yet mediocre skill and management might have accomplished a more harmonious description. The vehement objection usually taken against it, however, has been agitated more by loose criticism and ignorant trepidation than through unfavorable influences exerted by the fact itself. We meet the printed dross of many, who fear that "Paradise Lost" might prove offensive to virtue, yet on

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the other hand they labor to sustain the thrice decanted indelicacies of Byron and Swift, imputing more charm to these than to the profound moral writings of Milton.

Well endowed with strength for imitative art, yet singularly deficient in one particular, the mind of the author recognized difficulty in executing two incongruous styles as they occur in direct conversation. More fuel was superincumbent in the dimensionless perfections of the Trinity, than the strength and fire of his imagination could sere and penetrate, as the dialogues between God the Father and the Son plainly demonstrate. Public opinion has long passed judgment on the beauties, the sweet harmony, and superlative excellence of style and thought always idiomatic with the poet, but the utter disaster of the attempt has also drawn their notice. In all of them a marked proclivity towards inferiority, and in several, even a dirision of divine attributes is easily traceable, marred still more by paradox and declension into unsavory bagatelle. Nevertheless unexampled expression and grace, majesty and sublimity, furrow them all with streams of gold that far outshine discrepant and faulty, while they do much to screen them from real disfavor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TO THE BROOK.

Ah, thou silent moving crystal
 Dodging 'round the willows' feet,
Thou dost never cease to whisper
 Hymns of pleasant sweet retreat.

Lower than the smallest pansy
 Thou art greater than a king,
At thy feet the haughty sky-lark
 Drinking, rests his weary wing.

Knowing, falling, slowly winding
 Through the wood so unconcerned,
Always happy, thou dost gently
 Smile when'er thou art disturbed.

How I love to spend my leisure
 Perching on thy mossy side,
Duing finny little creatures
 Who within thy bosom hide.

There beneath the willows' shelter.
 Pleasant evenings did I spend
Watching thee, and often guessing
 Where can be thy journey's end.

By and by I list in wonder
 As thou speakest thus to me:
‘I am going way down yonder
 To the far and distant sea.’

CHAS. VANFLANDERN, '03.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

IN that memorable period of the great progress of English Literature—The Classical Age—England was blessed with many personages of great literary attainments both in prose and poetry. It was pre-eminently an age of triumph and brilliant success in the field of letters for England. Every effort was made to improve and perfect the literature in every branch. It was a period of elegant English, in fact, the writers looked more to the easy flow and artistic polish of their sentences than to any other end. Deep thought, correctness of reasoning, and devotion to truth were very often neglected at this time. We find this to be true especially in the writings of many of the much admired historians of that period. Each had a special charm of his own, never failing to please, but seldom convincing the reader. But among these men we find one who possesses most of the good qualities of these authors with very few of their defects. A man whose equal in many respects England has seen but seldom. A man who stands out prominently among the men of his time for the effective way in which he assailed the corrupt and dangerous customs of the time, and who, more than anyone else, refined and cultivated the taste of his country-men, so that from his time on that dignified bearing and correct taste for which the English people are known today really began. His was a great and noble

character, one which on all occasions seems to impress us with the thought of truth, ability, and virtue. This man is the great literary dictator of the reign of George III, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

He was born at Lichfield, in 1709. His early life was little else but a constant struggle against adversity and disappointments. But this could not damp his ardor or frustrate his efforts. He was compelled to leave Oxford for want of pecuniary assistance. After his departure from college, he was engaged in various pursuits, but was unsuccessful in the most of them. In 1737, Johnson took up his residence at London. His occupation at this time was that of contributor to the various magazines in the city. His essays were well received and much appreciated. In this capacity he began his slow rise to fame and influence. This was the foundation of that literary excellence which he possessed in later years, when he was respected as the light of England in literary attainments. Here, too, by his essays, reviews, etc., he gained for himself the reputation of a great critic. He is the most frequently quoted and at the same time the most reliable authority on English authors in our literature. He seems to have been eminently fitted by nature for criticism. Possessing great erudition, cleverness of manner, and quick perception, Johnson has without doubt attained great success in this difficult branch of rhetoric.

The first literary work of any great merit from the pen of Johnson was published in 1738. It is an excellent satire entitled *London*. In this

work Johnson shows his noble character, his great qualities of mind and heart. He reproves and condemns the corrupt and pernicious customs of modern English society with telling effect. The discourse in which he assails vice and immorality, by the use of bitter sarcasm, keen wit, and felicity of diction, was most enthusiastically applauded in London, and procured for the author a high place in the opinion of those who uphold justice and virtue.

Johnson for two years devoted his time to the publication of a journal—*The Rambler*. It was modeled after *The Spectator* of Addison. This paper was ably written and of much credit to the author, but owing to the fact that Addison's work was so popular and considered the ideal journal of this kind, it did not meet with the success which it deserved, and which under ordinary circumstances it would have received.

The work which has contributed most to the fame of Johnson is the *Dictionary of the English Language*. This is an undertaking which requires assiduous study, untiring energy, and deep research. The English language had up to this time no dictionary that filled the requirements of the time, and Johnson, aware of this fact, believed that he could write a work which should always be a credit to his name, and a source of great assistance to his fellowmen in the writing and speaking of the vernacular. His labors were not in vain. The dictionary met a favorable reception, and for years after held the supremacy among books of its kind. But on account of the rapid

progress which the language made since the publication of the work, and the various changes which time and usage have sanctioned, it has become necessary for the compilation of a new and more complete dictionary. This has been done with ability by men who flourished after the death of Johnson. But nevertheless this work of Johnson will ever remain a noble monument of erudition, industry, and perseverance, and will fix his memory in the galaxy of fame.

Johnson took great delight in writing moral essays, and he did so with surprising felicity of diction and truth of statement. In his oriental tale, *Rasselas*, he gives a graphic description of the world, its environments and conditions. He sees in it much misery, injustice, and crime. However he does not become melancholy or pessimistic, neither does he wish to cast a slur upon Providence or religion, but his object is to show the more clearly his belief in a future immortality.

The last literary work from the pen of Johnson was given to the public in 1781. It is his well known *Lives of the Poets*. It seems that Johnson desired to make this work the best and most popular of his literary career. And, indeed, he was not disappointed. In it his sound logic appeared with increased splendor, his wonderful powers of illustration with greater brilliancy, and his attractive style with more elegance. It is a valuable addition to English Literature, and especially to that important branch of rhetoric—criticism. Many of the authors mentioned were never really known or appreciated until Johnson

showed them in their true light. But still with all its merits, it possesses one bad defect. Many of the greatest poets are not even mentioned. This can only be accounted for from the fact that Johnson was a man of strong prejudices, and not unfrequently were they the cause of making the author fall into serious error. Still its many excellencies will always cause it to have an honorable place in our literature.

It is astonishing what great influence Johnson had with the English people. The best representation of this is seen in that popular comedy—*Oliver Goldsmith*. This drama has for the past two seasons been played on the American stage with great success by Stuart Robinson, assisted by an all-star cast. In it we see and admire Dr. Johnson as the prince of them all. In the coffee-houses such men as Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Johnson and many others used to gather and have a chat on the various questions of the day. Whatever the topic was or whoever was among those assembled, Dr. Johnson was always the “grand mogul” of them all. Every one was desirous of knowing what Dr. Johnson’s opinion was, and whenever he spoke, his sentiments were liberally applauded.

In this comedy, we also see Johnson’s character portrayed perfectly. He was very rough and stern in his manner, but still he enjoyed society, had a ready command of wit, and no one could laugh more heartily than Dr. Johnson. In studying the life of Johnson, one is apt to be of the impression that he was overbearing or arro-

gant, but it was only his love of argument and retort that made him thus. It was characteristic of the man, but when once known, no man had more friends than Johnson. His hospitality was known all over England, and his purse was ever open to the needy. His moral character was in a high degree perfect. He scorned vice and terrified the depraved to such an extent that his invectives caused a more healthy condition in the nation. His veracity was strict in the highest degree. Although very witty, he never could convince himself of the propriety of embellishing a story with fiction, and like Epaminondas of old, he made this his life-long principle.

It has been said that Johnson has not left behind him any great work, worthy to be placed along-side any of the great master-pieces of our literature. This assertion is undoubtedly true. But still the style of Johnson was forcible, elegant, and attractive in a remarkable degree. It has found many imitators and admirers, so much so that during the twenty years of his dictatorial sway, he was followed as a model even to a fault. His English is not as pure as many of the great masters of the language, but it is elegant and musical. He had the practice of using words of Latin origin, thereby detracting from the purity of the vernacular, but enchanting its beauty.

The life of Johnson may be studied with pleasure and profit by every one. We all can find in it something which will be of special interest to us. This cannot be otherwise, for a man who was the leader in all the literary advances

for twenty years, and during all that time held full sway, must have possessed a character, mind, and influence which approaches the wonderful. As a man Johnson surely was an ideal man among men. The purity of his life was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries, and we have yet to be apprised of any work where Johnson's language was not eminently proper. This is certainly a remarkable example in so corrupt an age as the one in which he lived, when the most of the writers have fallen into moral aberrations, but shows all the more conclusively his unflinching devotion to duty. Let us hope that the man whose accomplishments in the world of letters have placed him among the greatest men in English literature, whose worth was always appreciated during his life-time, whose life was all that can be expected of mortal man, and whose achievements cover so wide and useful a range, may not sink into oblivion. May his memory live until time is no more.

EDMUND A. WILLS, '03

INHABITABILITY OF THE MOON AND THE PLANETS.

THE question, whether any of the celestial spheres are the abodes of life, has interested the inquisitive minds of every age. Already the author of the verses, attributed to Orpheus, ascribes to the moon "many mountains, cities, and palaces." The ancients fancied to hear the dulcet strains of music from heavenly orbs, and

transferred to them human thought, feeling and action. The Middle Ages, in their anxiety to account for the regularity of orbital motion, made planets the habitations of guardian angels, whose duty it was to direct these bodies in their path around the sun. When Copernicus startled the world by his new system of Astronomy, this question suddenly leaped into prominence.

From various motives stars are henceforth made the seats of intelligent life. Vivid imaginations delight in roaming over the boundless regions of the heavenly spheres, where the stir and bustle of our terrestrial home may be repeated. The theory which represents the innumerable stars as lifeless deserts is repugnant to many, because an innate feeling tells them that it should and must be otherwise. Again the disciples of universal brotherhood cheerfully assent to the doctrine, that creatures whose hearts may beat in unison with theirs, are to be found in every part of the stellar universe. Even human passion has welcomed this teaching as an aid to the propagation of darwinistic and pantheistic views.

It is not surprising, therefore, if men who are so deeply interested in the habitation of the stars should consider its investigation the primary object of Astronomy. What, then, has this science accomplished towards the solution of this important problem? Its work in this direction is insignificant. The clear light of observed facts has scarcely begun to supersede the haziness of theory and speculation, which with much ingenuity have long since peopled many of the celestial lights,

and, in particular, the moon. Some enthusiasts have already proposed means for opening communication with the Selenites, or supposed inhabitants of the moon.

The system of wireless telegraphy, after it has reached a state of perfection, would seem best adapted for this purpose, since the sending of dispatches to our neighbor in the heavens from huge electric reflectors could present no insurmountable difficulties. By means of brief and prolonged interruptions of the electric current, a telegraphic alphabet for composing messages might easily be constructed.

A wealthy American lady, according to the French periodical "L'Astronomie" has already deposited 100,000 francs in the French institute, as a reward for the genius who within ten years from 1895 should forward a communication to the moon or any of the stars, so as to receive an answer.

If the advocates of the moon's habitation consider the Selenites to be perfectly adapted to the physical conditions of their home, Astronomy does not at present possess the means to confirm or disprove their opinion. Our most powerful telescopes unravel, indeed, a panorama of the moon from three to five thousand times enlarged, bringing the observer within about fifty-five miles of its surface; nevertheless this proximity of our celestial neighbor does not yet enable the eye to catch a glimpse of animal life, though its forms should surpass our elephants in gigantic structure.

The methodical works of conscious action,

however, if they had the dimensions of a town, a village or a spacious church, could not escape the clear-sighted observers; they, with the aid of the shadow projected, might even trace their outlines. But astronomers have not till now been able to discover any such artificial constructions. They do not even perceive the faintest evidence of present or former life on its surface; on the contrary, the results of observation seem to prove that all the conditions necessary for animate existence are wanting.

If a terrene animal were on a sudden transposed to the moon, it would gape a few moments for the vital breath and then expire; for, from the complete absence of atmospheric phenomena we must infer that our satellite either possesses no atmosphere at all, or one of extreme tenuity. Even that element, which upon earth is, in the expression of Pythagoras, the cheapest yet the best, is not among the blessings enjoyed by our fancied Selenites. The magic power of our modern telescopes has converted all the lakes and seas of lunar Egypt into barren deserts. The superficial gravity of the moon is six times less than that of our earth. The glaring lustre produced by the solar rays where nature does not extend her airy parasol must be overwhelming. During daytime the temperature of the moon's crust rises far above the boiling point of water. What earthly creature would not fall a victim to this scorching heat during a lunar day of 354 hours? Daily to pass, from excessive heat to extreme cold that chills every object on its surface during nights of equal

duration, when the moon irradiates all the warmth received to surrounding space, would render existence upon our earth's companion an unbearable torture. We may, therefore, safely assert, that Selenites bearing constitutional resemblance to man are an impossibility upon the moon.

In our search for life, and in particular for the likeness of man, Astronomy is still an inexperienced guide. We cannot with our present telescope unveil the mystery of planetary life by intuitive evidence, since, with one exception, their magnifying power does not furnish sufficient data for making probable inference with regard to their habitation.

The observation of Mercury and Venus are barren of results, because their visible surface markings, in spite of their comparative nearness to our earth, are extremely indistinct and few in number. Astronomers have not even been able to solve the much easier problem of their rotation. Jupiter and the still more remote planets are at too great a distance for fruitful investigation.

Among all the stellar orbs, the planet Mars alone exhibits phenomena that would seem to confirm the theory of organic life beyond our earth. No other observable luminary possesses a climate so nearly terrestrial as that of Mars. The alteration of colors on its surface is best explained by assuming a vegetation, the hues of which are varying through the different stages of its development. Some of those who have examined the nature of these colors declare them to be of organic origin. While thus a visitor to Mars might

probably delight in the beauties of its vernal flora, the defenders of astral habitability maintain with confidence, that there are rational Marsites, who might offer him a cordial reception, and in proof of their assertion they point to the so-called Mars canals.

These canals appear through the telescope as slender lines of a sable tinge, which in the form of a net overspread not only the entire northern hemisphere, but extend beyond the equator as far as fifty degrees southern latitude. Their straightness is the puzzle of astronomers; for nowhere here on earth or upon the moon has nature employed the straight line, either in the upheaval of mountains or in tracing the course of rivers.

Since no satisfactory explanation of these supposed water courses has until now been found, the theory, which assumes them to be works of art, the product of conscious, premeditated action, has been received into favor. These telescopic lines are thus interpreted to be canals not merely in name, but in reality, dug for the promotion of commerce, and still more for the irrigation of arid districts.

The difficulties besetting this supposition are not inconsiderable. Even allowing the Marsites to be beyond comparison our superiors in material progress, having compelled all the available forces of nature into their service, we hesitate in giving assent to the artificial construction of about hundred and thirty canals that average from hundred and eighty to two hundred miles in width

and several hundred miles in length. Compared with them, the most colossal works of human genius, such as the Chinese walls, the pyramids, and the Suez canal are mere trifles. Other plausible theories have been advanced, whose object it is to explain the origin of these canals, without the interference of rational creatures; and not only have competent astronomers doubted their reported gemination at the time of the Martial equinoxes, but Dr. Cerulla of Teramo, Italy, has even designated the net-work itself as an optical delusion. These phenomena, therefore, do not furnish a scientific ground for asserting the existence of reasonable Marsites.

But should they nevertheless be a reality, we cannot expect them to be the exact copies of men; for the adaptability of the human organism does not extend to climatic differences so great as those existing between our earth and Mars. The density of its atmosphere is estimated to be four times less than the same substance upon our globe. The average temperature, if there are no interior sources of heat, amounts according to the law of thermal radiation, to no more than fourty-three per cent of the mean terrestrial heat. On Mars the extremes of heat and cold exhibit a far greater divergency from the medium; superficial gravity is considerably less, and atmospheric pressure is lower than upon earth.

All we can affirm with our present knowledge of Mars is, not indeed its habitation, but its habitability by rational creatures, whose physique may in some measure resemble our own. Even

conservative astronomers of our own times have expressed themselves in favor of the latter view.

Our eyes may contemplate the moon and the planets as the most beautiful object in the starry heavens. Science has even enabled us to scrutinize the wonderful clock-work of their orbital motion; it has pronounced judgment against the habitability of the moon; but to decide with any certainty the question of planetary life will have to be reserved for the better equipped scientists of a future generation.

S. HARTMAN, '02.

THE NATION'S WAIL.

Starspangled banner noble flag,
Thy shredded folds why do they lag?
What bore thee from thy lofty flight
To such a low and dreary plight?

Slowly then the banner did unfurl; it sighed:
“Sorrow has wrought both; alas! my guardian died.”

Why, happy nation, do'st thou mourn
And gaze upon that flag forlorn?
Why do'st thou cease thy jubilee
In glorious prosperity?

“Ah! behold that figure motionless and cold
Pierced by bullet of assassin vile and bold.”

Upon the nation's garb of fame
Engraven is McKinley's name
In bloody characters. That stain,
Alas! forever will remain!

May a mourning rose be planted o'er his tomb
Watered by a nation's tears,—for him it bloom.

A. A. SCHUETTE, '03.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

The perfection of philosophy is to do all things for the glory of God and do them well.

Columbiads.

The staff of '01 and '02 assume the task of editing *The Collegian* with a slight feeling of timidity and inability. But we are told by ex-editors that this feeling wears off and that one comes

to perform this work with confidence and complacency. Even so soon we begin to feel a pleasure in our work and, having the enthusiasm and good will necessary to success, we shall labor to the end with honesty and energy, keeping always before our eyes the motto, "Do all things for the glory of God, and do them well."

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A few weeks ago the nation was called upon for the third time in its history to mourn the death of its chief executive, killed by one of his own subjects. That ungrateful subject and foul assassin was Leon Czolgosz, who, in an act of special friendship, sent a bullet into the breast of his country's guardian. It was the element of fiendish treachery and hellish glee displayed in the act, that fired every American heart with thoughts and wishes unworthy of itself. It seems that no punishment could be too exquisite for such a depraved being. However, when we dwell in thought upon the character of the assassin's victim, our hearts become susceptible to more manly and more charitable feelings. That his name will appear on history's scroll as a great President, we doubt, but that he will shine as a "manly man" for years to come, we feel certain. We glory in his private life more than in his official career; we love him and shall revere him more for his kindness and devotion than for his warlike deeds or statesmanship. He was greater in his love and devotion towards his wife during her illness and on his deathbed than in the victory over Spain. At all events, he was the friend and father of the

American people, and by the American people his loss will be keenly felt and sincerely mourned. It is the duty of every loyal citizen to honor him, revere his memory and imitate him in his fidelity. It is the duty of every loyal Catholic to offer up to the throne of the Almighty a sincere and heartfelt prayer for the spiritual welfare of his deceased President, and for the guidance and protection of his country.

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Speaking recently of the dreadful event at Buffalo, Mr. Bryan denounced anarchy and, as a cure, advocated education, whereby hope might be instilled into the heart of every man, since anarchy was the out-growth of despair. If, by education, he meant the harmonious development of heart, mind and body, and especially of the heart, he was right; but, if he accepted education as it is given in the godless schools scattered broadcast over the country, he was wrong—woefully wrong. An education without religion, is no education, and far from instilling hope into the heart of man, will make an infidel and an atheist of him; and from atheism to anarchism is but a step. Such an education may develop to perfection the physical and mental faculties, but it leaves the heart hard and barren. Only the Catholic Church can develop fully the spiritual nature of man; only the Catholic Church can step between the throne and the anarchist and say "Stop"; only She can make the American people a nation of heroes instead of a nation of anarchists as it threatens to become in a short while. Education

AND religion—religion especially—is the remedy for anarchism. Let the learned (?) instructors of today develop giants in body and intellectual prodigies, and disregard man's heart-culture and time will prove that McKinley was but the third—and not the last—President to fall by the hand of an assassin.

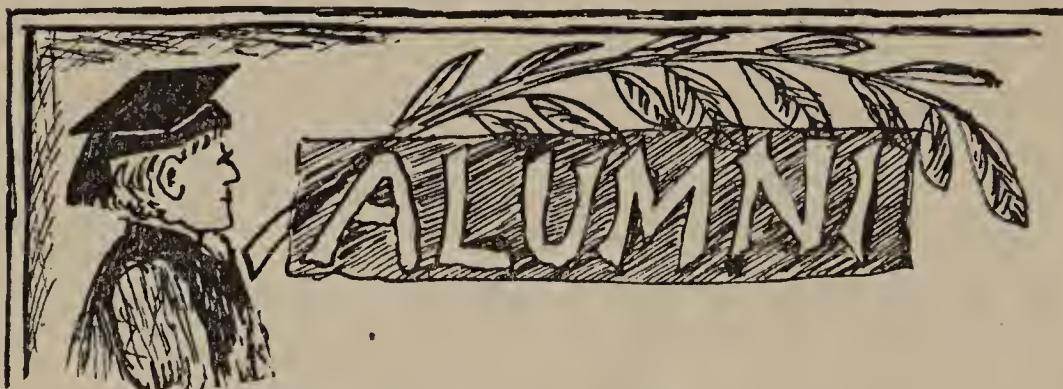
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While Mr. Bryan advocates education, others suggest a stricter system of police surveillance; others again demand the ferreting out and destruction of anarchical societies, etc. But the only infallible cure for all such disorders was given hundreds of years ago, when the God-man said to twelve illiterate fisherman: "Go ye into the whole world, preaching and baptising in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The remedy is at hand, will the American people apply it?

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Alma Mater celebrated her first decennial on the 3rd, 4th and 5th of last month. What a glorious occasion it was! The old walls had listened many a time to the jargon, the shouts, the hurrah of the same youngster, who now in his maturity made them ring with his joyous laughter and treated them to feasts of oratory and intellectual repartees. There were present commercialites, teachers and newly ordained priests—all happy and successful. They had gone forth a few years ago bearing upon them the seal of Alma Mater, the stamp of her workmanship; they returned to show what that seal had accomplished for them, and through them for the world. Alma

Mater's greatest pleasure, and one enjoyed for the first time, was to receive beneath her roof young priests, ordained from the ranks of her own sons. For ten long years—years of struggle, discouragement, and seemingly unrequited labor—she had longingly feasted her eyes on the vision of the coming day when the first of her youthful sons should be raised to the Holy Priesthood. She thought how quickly they would return to Alma Mater and, with a full heart and moistened eye, give to her their first blessing. This thought it was that made the hearts of the struggling Fathers hopeful when adversity came, when all was bleak, dark and dreary. And the noble men who fill other stations in life, whether as business men or as instructors of the young—them she loves with a love that grows stronger beyond the grave. This was the import of the first decennial of St. Joseph's. Heretofore, we were as a planted seed; though unseen and unnoticed, we were laboring, growing steadily, pushing aside one stony obstacle after another, till finally we have sent forth fresh and budding sprouts, and have begun to exert an influence on some little nook in this wide world. This circle of influence, with increasing years, will widen till the world, like the unwary foot that trampled the harmless acorn into the earth, will henceforth step aside from its beaten path and admire the mighty trunk and the many and lofty branches that sprang therefrom. Then the thirsty can drink from the crystal spring at its foot and the weary find shelter beneath its shade, then we will have become a source of permanent good to the world and mankind.



Since our Alumni have now become a thoroughly organized body, and will continue to increase their ranks yearly, we have in consideration to their expressed wishes, inserted an Alumni Column in the Collegian. We do this with pleasure, since it will serve to keep Alma Mater and her far-away sons in constant communication with each other; likewise, one member of the association will be able by this means to know and keep posted upon the doings and whereabouts of his fellow associates. This knowledge will tend to strengthen and make firm the bands of interest and affection which bind one Alumnus to another, and all to their Alma Mater. Hence the Faculty of St. Joseph's and the Editors of the Collegian unite in asking of each Alumnus without exception to favor us frequently with a brief account of his pursuits, his success, and many other little items which he thinks might interest us or his fellow Alumni. If he should have nothing to say of himself, let him inquire about others who have attended here in former years, graduates or not, and inform us of them. We expect a few lines from you, the Alumni, at least once a month. We in turn will supply you with all news and information concerning students, fellow Alumni, and

Alma Mater that we can. The Alumni column is yours and by you to be filled each month.

The good will and enthusiasm shown at the Alumni meeting of Sept. 4th. was not mere sham. As a substantial and lasting mark of their love and gratitude toward Alma Mater, the Alumni, by a unanimous vote, established an "Alumni Fund", which is always to remain open, and to be increased gradually and continually by each Alumnus, according to his means and good will. All present considered it an honor and a pleasure to contribute to this fund, and in a few hours it had assumed fair proportions. Those who were not able to be present at the meeting, if disposed to contribute, may communicate by mail with Rev. B. Boebner who was appointed treasurer of the Alumni Fund. At the regular annual meeting held by the Alumni the following officers were elected:—

Rev. T. M. Conroy, President; Rev. J. Seimetz, 1st Vice Pres.; Mr. J. Meyer, 2nd Vice Pres.; Mr. H. Fehrenbach, Secretary; Messrs. L. A. Eberle, and Joseph Sulzer, Board of Directors.

During this meeting, as was mentioned, an Alumnus originated the idea of establishing an "Alumni Fund." It was enthusiastically received and favorably voted upon.

Previous to the business meeting an informal program had been held in the College Auditorium. There were present not only the visiting clergy and Alumni, but also all present students of St. Joseph's, who had returned that evening for the opening school year.

The exercises consisted of an opening address by our Rev. President, Father Benedict Boebner, and speeches, witty and reminiscent, by the newly-ordained priests. All were greeted with a hearty ovation. The closing remarks were made by Rev. F. H. Gavisk, chancellor of the Diocese of Indianapolis. Musical numbers were interspersed by the college band under Prof. B. Dentinger.

All communications for this column should be addressed to the Editor.

The Faculty and students join in wishing each Alumnus success and God's blessing. EDITOR.

EXCHANGES.

WE distinctly remember the sentiments which the Collegian expressed at its parting adieu just when its usual course was run and it paused to enjoy some repose after ten months' labor. The opinions it then uttered respecting our conduct towards many valued friends were to be nothing ephemeral, but flowed from conviction, with strength enough to endure as mottos by which we might estimate and compare the qualities of new and old associates throughout the ensuing term. Providing they be worthy of encouragement, we do believe that fanning the flame of ambition in our friends or stimulating their faltering energies by appropriate comment on their perfections, is more desirable than chilling their efforts by depreciation of merit.

Again the space of ten months has been allotted to us to further the interest of *College Journalism*. It now remains with those who have been charged with the care of this precious heirloom, to enter upon their task with fresh alacrity and prove what the years of '01 and '02 can produce in support of a good cause. Let each be prompted by a generous emulation to excel, and no one will fail to reap the rich fruits of fortune while she stays. Then at the close of the ups and downs of another ten months he may rightly wrap himself in the mantle of honest fame like the noble youths who have preceded us, and dressed in honor, all will find the reward of honest labor sweet.

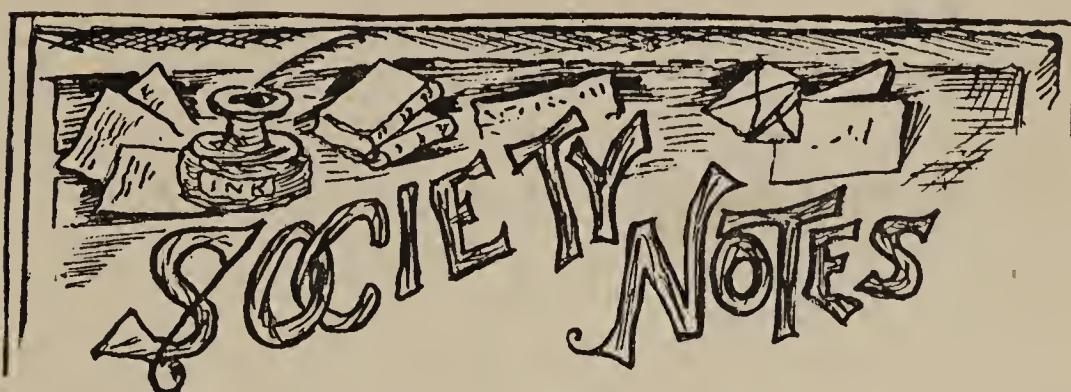
College journalism has become to-day a very potent factor in education. In consequence every zealous student should look to it as the one bright and particular star which, as a ready guide, will lead him on rightly in the cultivation of literary habits. That writing makes an exact man is a truth which a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute, have demonstrated in countless cases. Since nothing furnishes more advantages to foster and perfect latent faculties in the exercise of the pen than precisely college journalism, no student should turn from his duty when called upon to contribute a moderate share of assistance, or allow the effort to conound his courage when he may rest assured that the deed will not. Ordinary assiduity will secure each one against serious charges, yet even if such should be incurred, they will only assist in improving our efforts. In youthful productions, moreover, ma-

turity is out of question and the only requisites are exactness in diction, interest, and propriety. The first of these will insure appreciative readers, the second delight, and the third will warrant good management, providing good judgment wields the pen.

Regard must likewise be taken for the environments peculiar to college journalism and the station with which it is to abide. The realms of the creative and the imaginative are more congenial to its character than any attempt to view the affairs of the outer world through the many-colored prism of philosophy. Many sources from which we can draw material are still open to our advantage. The wide expanse of the universe will freely feed the poet's fancy with innumerable charms that have never been courted; numberless worthy lives are still in want of a biographer, and the critics field is without limit. If our choice remains with the reasonable, our productions will scarcely fail to make an ideal student's journal.

The commencement numbers of our exchanges were received with great welcome, and in general proved more delightful and interesting than any previous copy. We heartily welcome back all our old friends and sincerely hope to establish friendship with many others, the rumor of whose fame has as yet not drawn our attention.

M. B. KOESTER, '02.



The Sacred Heart League will remain under the spiritual directorship of the Rev. Hugo Lear. The following have been added to the list of promoters: J. Wessel, H. Muhler, F. Boeke, and V. Link. Forty-six new members were admitted into the League.

C. L. S. The Columbian Literary Society held its first regular meeting Sunday, Sept. 15th. Owing to the great amount of work incumbent upon him as President, the Rev. Benedict Boebner, who so successfully headed the Society during the last few years, has placed the spiritual directorship into the hands of the Rev. Mark Hamburger. The members all wish to express their sincere gratitude to Rev. Father Benedict for the valuable assistance he has always rendered the Society, and hope that he will continue to take an interest in its progress.

From the introductory remarks made by the newly-appointed spiritual director, the Society concluded that this scholastic year will add another link to the long chain of success enjoyed ever since its foundation. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Pres., W. Arnold; Vice Pres., S. Kremer; Sec., C. Van Flandern; Treas., H. Hoerstman; Critic., E. Wills;

Editor., J. Wessel; Marshall, A. McGill; Ex. Com., E. Werling, M. Koester, and R. Stoltz. The Investigation Committee, Librarian, and Sergeant-at-Arms will be appointed at the next meeting. The Columbians will probably make their first public appearance on Columbus Day.

A. L. S. As usual the Aloysians were not slow in beginning their literary work. The very fact that the first meeting stormed the Society with applications for membership goes to show that the Aloysians will not remain in the back-ground. The following were admitted as members: J. McCarthy, J. Burke, J. O'Donnell, J. McCaffrey, T. Alles, M. O'Conner, J. Bryan, M. O'Connell, C. Randall, R. Bremerkamp, J. Quinn, C. Holthaus, E. Grimme, W. Hanley, P. Thom, L. Reicher, R. Ottke, G. Jackson, F. Smith, and C. Fisher. The newly elected officers are: Pres., W. Fisher; Vice Pres., M. Shea; Sec., A. Lons-way; Treas., J. Jones; Marshall, J. A. Sullivan; Editor, L. Monahan; Lib., B. Wellmann; Ex. Com., V. Sibold, J. Hildebrand, and L. Flory. The Society intends to present a comedy on Thanksgiving Day.

S. J. C. B. The Military Organization this year will undoubtedly be the largest and the best ever seen at St. Joseph's. Major Arnold, with the assistance of the other officers, is drilling a Regulation Company of sixty-four privates. All the old officers are with us again, except Sergeant P. Hartman, a graduate of last June. A competitive drill will be held in November.

R. S. C. The Raleigh Smoking Club assembled in their old club room and elected F. Theobald as Pres.; J. Steinbrunner, Vice Pres., and H. Hoerstman, Secretary. The members extend their sincere thanks to Rev. Father Liberat for the box of cigars received.

ATHLETICS.

The first Sunday after the opening of the scholastic year, the two bitter rivals in base ball, the St. Aquinos and the St. Xaviers, began again their struggle for the Inter Hall championship. The St. Xaviers have been playing regularly during the summer months, and, as a natural consequence, were in good trim. The St. Aquinos, on the contrary, were only in fair form. This, of course, could not but be expected, for the most of them had been living on "easy (lazy) street" during vacation, and the result was that they needed a little McFadden a la Arnold to put them into condition again. Nevertheless the game was a close and exciting one, the fielding on both sides being particularly good. Monin was a great puzzle for the St. Aquinos, they being utterly unable to hit him consecutively. By good fortune they secured two runs in the ninth inning on hits by Theobald and Wessel, a stolen base, and an error. The St. Xaviers, too, were weak with the stick, but batted enough to secure the necessary runs to win the game. The score:

St. Xaviers—0 1 0 0 2 0 1 0 0—4.

St. Aquinos—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2.

Bases on balls—Off VanFlandern, 2; off Monin, 2. Struck out—By VanFlandern, 9; by Monin, 11. Hits—Off Van Flandern, 4; off Monin, 2. Time of game—1:35. Umpire—B. F. Fendig.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Welsh made some great stops of hard line hits. He was liberally applauded for his brilliant work at third.

The St. Aquinos played three substitutes, because of the late return to college of the regular members of the team.

The St. Xavier rooters are much more clever

than in former years. The bunch of new-comers make things interesting for the St. Aquinos.

W. Arnold was out of the game on account of a sore finger. His place was filled by Halpin, who played the position creditably.

On Sunday, Sept. 15th, the St. Xaviers defeated the St. Aquinos in an exciting game of base ball. The game was in the hands of both teams several times, but the St. Xaviers proved to be the best in the long run, and won out by the score of 14 to 13. Had not the score been so close, the game otherwise would have to be called rotten in the extreme. The fielding was poor, especially that of the St. Xaviers, who made errors enough to lose two games, but the St. Aquinos evened up matters by their stupid base running. It was the poorest exhibition of base running seen on the college diamond in many a day. This was the cause of the St. Aquinos' defeat, for they fielded much better and hit the ball harder than the St. Xaviers, but they threw away the game time and again by their poor work on the bases. Both VanFlandern and Monin were hit hard, getting the worst drubbing they have received in a long time. The score:

St. Xaviers—2 1 1 5 2 0 0 1 2—14.

St. Aquinos—5 0 1 1 0 2 0 4 0—13.

Two base hits—Wachendorfer, Schaefer, Bremerkamp. Three base hit—Bach. Bases on balls—Off VanFlandern, 3; off Monin, 5. Hits—Off VanFlandern, 10; off Monin, 12. Struck out—By VanFlandern, 9; by Monin, 4. Time of game—2:00. Umpire—B. F. Fendig.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Bremerkamp did some great work with the stick. In five times at bat he made five hits.

A large crowd was out from Rensselaer to witness the game.

The boys were glad to see Jimmy Bach back in the game again. In response to an ovation in the first inning, he cracked out a triple to centre.

Stolz was sure death on base-stealers, catching some of the St. Aquinos' best runners trying to purloin a base.

The St. Aquino rooters made every effort to help their side win, and no doubt they made things miserable for the St. Xavier players, but they could not yell loud enough to keep the St. Aquinos from going to sleep on the bases.

E. A. WILLS, '03.

LOCALS.

Notice—Special efforts will be put forth to make the local column this year one of especial interest to our readers. To that end special arrangements have been made whereby all the members of the Collegian staff will contribute to this column.

All but three of last years' students have returned to St. Joseph's. This speaks well for our Alma Mater, and goes to show that the students of St. Joseph's College are a happy and contented set.

Mr. Wills after returning from the exciting baseball game said to Mr. McGill: "Say, Mac, am I not a little pale?" McGill, who is ever ready to satisfy any request from him replied:—"No, not at all. You are more like a big tub."

Sunday, Sept. 22nd, the Victors made their old rivals, "O. K's" bite the dust and dance to the time of 9-4. Batteries; Hildebrand and John A. Sullivan of the Victors, and Botezkowfski and Delaney, of the O. K's.

The environments of the college have been greatly enhanced during the vacation months. The bowling alley has been repaired and painted. Many contests are being planned for the coming season.

Othmer to Valerian: "Let us play ball awhile." Valerian: "I am tired playing. I have been "bawling" all morning."

Meeting of C. L. S. at 10. A. M. Everybody please bring his constitution along.

The basement of the St. Cecilia Hall is a very attractive department, since it has been renovated and supplied with many muscle-invigorating-machines.

The Military promises much success this year. It is composed of a company of sixty-four, who when once in uniform will make a very good appearance.

"Mish" claims little taste for the sciences, yet he holds that the best way to find out who stole his melons is to use Xrays.

Although Darlinghouse does not inspire one's poetical Muse, he puts one in mind of Longfellow.

St. Joseph's College condoled with the Nation by the celebration of High Mass and the postponement of studies on the day of the interment of the remains of our beloved President Wm. McKinley.

Whilst the stars and stripes at half mast express our grief at the last disaster which befell our land, they never fail to wave sweet hopes for the future.

The class-rooms have been furnished with new desks. They are a great improvement on the former benches, and the smiling faces of the students ought to be an expression of appreciation and praise to the financiers of St. Joseph's College.

While St. Joseph's was celebrating her tenth anniversary at the beginning of this scholastic year it was the first time that an Alumni team had an opportunity to play against the S. J. C. team. It was plainly proven that the game progressed faster than age, and the college team came out on top by a score of 18-5.

"Tuts" was very much disappointed when he heard that "Tec" Barrett would not come back this year, but the crowd broke up in a "jamboree" when somebody, said "I don't see how "Tuts" can Barrett (bear it).